Weekend nights

December 9, 2025

BOOM! I was jolted awake by a loud noise. It made my bed shake causing my cat to run off in fear. As quickly as it had ripped me out of the dreamy comforts of sleep, it went away and I was unable to locate the source. I look at my clock and it's 3 AM. Oh well… my bed may be comfy but the tiredness had been completely wiped from my body.

I stand before my window and look outside. The full moon lights the street up. A place otherwise full of life with kids playing soccer and cars driving past, now completely desolate and empty. Only a single car sits on the other side of the street. Is that a person sitting there? They must be on a call or something… Wait where has the cat gone? I turn around to look and see my door ajar. The corridor light is shining on my bed. I thought I turned the light of before going to sleep and I didn't notice it at all when I woke up. Well it's the middle of the night! Of course I'm not going to notice everything, I'm still half asleep! But at least I know where he might have gone. I leave my bedroom and head down the stairs into the bright living room.

There he is! My cat is sitting at the window, his fur is dark as the night and his eyes look like two little moons. He looks outside through the window. I can now see the car more clearly now. There's a man sitting inside. He is staring directly at me. I look back at my cat and he is looking at me. "You must go! He is waiting for you!" he told me. The cat disappeared again and I'm now standing in complete darkness. I must be really tired because he doesn't normally talk to me and especially not in ominous messages like that! I look at my clock and it's 2 AM. Time always feels weird at night. Well it must've been hard for him to say that (or anything else, he is a cat after all) and I think I can trust him, so I leave my home.

The air is cold on my face and I can see the moon shining brightly above me. The passenger door is already open and I hop in. The stranger just looks at me and nods. They looks like someone that I know, like a lost childhood friend, but I can't put my finger on it. The stranger starts to drive and we sit in awkward silence next to another. Oh man… I hate situations like this… To ease the awkwardness I try to turn on the radio. I adjust the frequency but to no avail, its static feels like sparkling water on my ears. I helplessly glance toward the stranger but they are looking straight to the front. Their body is made out of fire, their eyes look like the deepest depths of the ocean. "I love this song! It's my absolute favorite song of all time.", they say while the radio is still playing static, "It is our favorite song, right? For we are one and the same!".

I am driving through the forest. Where am I anyways? I decide to turn the radio off. It is 1 AM. Time feels weird when you are tired. Life feels like it's just rushing by you. You lose track of time and even loose yourself. Like you're a passenger in your own body. We arrive at the foot of a mountain who's peak is high above the clouds. The stranger parks the car and we get out. "Don't forget to lock the car.", I say jokingly. There's not a single soul anywhere around. "What are you talking about?". I turn around and we are high up on the mountain, the clouds are below us now.

"You know I'm afraid of heights! Why did I even agree to this?!", I say to them. I stand on the ledge of a cliff.

"You look very tired."

"I didn't sleep well last night, that's all."

"Is everything okay?"

"I'm fine really."

The wind hits my face hard. It feels cold as ice on my skin. I am flying close above the tree tops and

above a river. The moons reflection is absolutely beautiful. I look up and see my house. It's to late to stop and I crash through my bedroom window.

At least it didn't hurt at all. I even check myself for injuries but I'm completely fine. The bedroom window is also fine and I realize that I'm laying under my blanket. My cat is sleeping at the foot of my bed. I jump up and look outside. My neighbors cars are parked on the street as always and the streets are now being lit not by the moon but by street lights. I crack my bedroom door open and see that all the lights are off. I look at the time and it is 4 AM. The cat looks at me and says: "You really should get more sleep.".